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THE DEATH OF THE SLAVE.

BY MARIA LOWELL.

In a low and ill-thatched hut,
 Stretched on a floor of clay,
With scanty clothing round her wrapped,
 The dying woman lay.

No husband's kindly hand,
 No loving child was near,
To offer her their aid, or shed
 A sympathizing tear.

For now the ripened cane
 Was ready for the knife,
And not a slave could be spared to aid
 His mother or his wife.

She is struggling now with death,
 Deep was that dying groan,
For a corpse now lies on the cold clay floor,
 The soul, set free, has flown.

The planter, walking by,
 Chanced at the door to stop,
And he cursed his luck, "there was one hand less
 To gather in the crop."

O, Jesus! thou hast said,
 "The poor your care shall be:
Who visit not the poor and sick,
 They do it not to me."